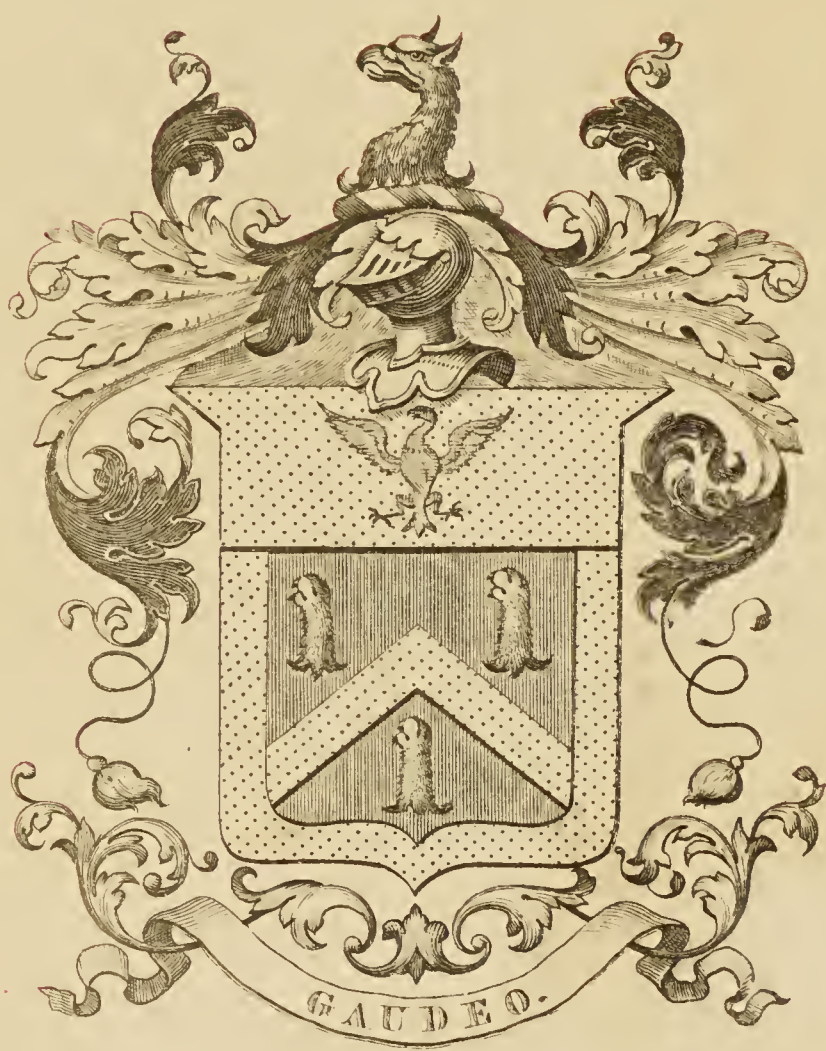




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John Carter Brown.



By Horace Walpole



443

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AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
GIANTS

LATELY DISCOVERED.

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(Price One Shilling.)



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JOHN CARTER BROWN.

AN

A C C O U N T

OF THE

G I A N T S

LATELY DISCOVERED;

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.

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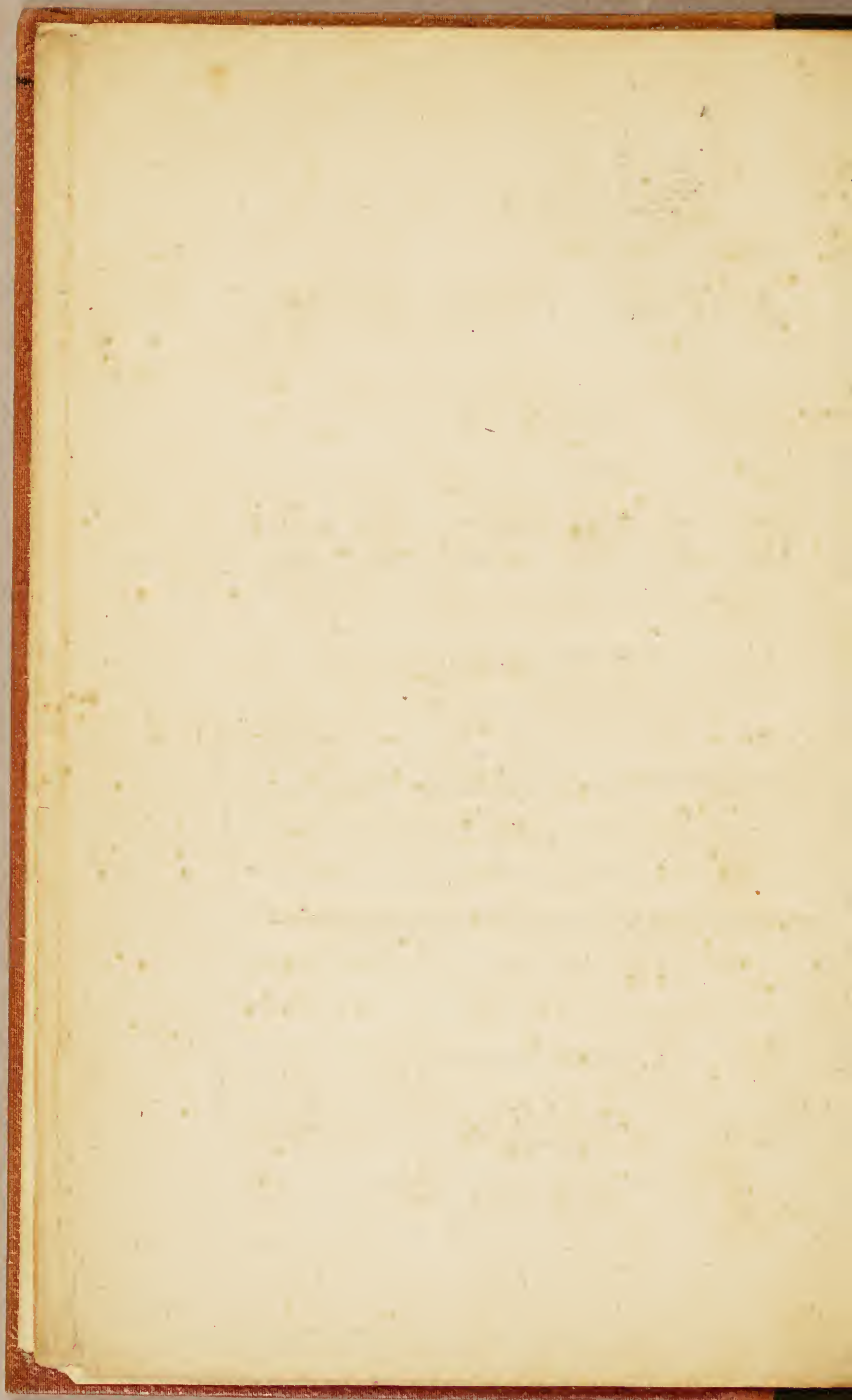
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An Account of the  
G I A N T S  
LATELY DISCOVERED.

*Dear Will,*

THOUGH People in the Country  
are enough disposed to believe  
Wonders, yet are they prudently apt  
to suspend giving Credit to all that are  
sent from *London*, except of a political  
Cast. You good Folks still believe in  
an uninterrupted Generation of Patriots ;  
and though they so seldom come to Years  
B of

of Maturity, you trust in them as fast as they are produced in St. *Stephen's* Chapel. For other monstrous Births, you are fonder of them, the farther they come. Ghosts and Witches are entirely of your own Growth. Excepting the famous Ghost of a Sound in *Cock-Lane*, from which the Methodists expected such a rich Harvest, (for what might not a rising Church promise itself from such well imagined Nonsense as the Apparition of a Noise?) I think many, many Years have elapsed, since the Capital could boast of having regenerated a Spirit. Your Sagacity will therefore incline you to doubt the marvellous Account I am going to give you of a new discovered Race of Giants.

Perhaps you will take the Relation for some political Allegory, or think it a  
new



new vamped Edition of *Swift's* Brobdignags. My good Friend, it is neither the one nor the other; though I must own, a political Mystery, and a wonderful one too, for it is really kept a Secret.— The very Crew of the Ship who saw Five Hundred of these lofty Personages, did not utter a word of the Matter for a whole Year; and even now, that a general Idea has taken wind, can scarce be brought to give any Particulars to their most intimate Friends.

All that the Public can yet learn, is, that Captain *Byron* and his Men have seen on the Coast of *Patagonia* Five Hundred Giants on Horseback. Giants? you will cry, what do you call Giants? why, my Friend, not Men of Fifty or an Hundred Feet high, yet still very personable Giants, and much taller than any

Individual ever exhibited at *Charing Cross*.  
 Come, what do you think of Nine or  
 Ten Feet high ? and what do you think  
 of Five Hundred such ? will Mrs.——  
 cry, “ pish, That is no Giant, it is only  
 a well made Man ?

I am told, for I am no reader of Tra-  
 vels, that this Gigantic Nation was  
 known to exist as early as the discovery  
 of that Continent : That Sir *John Nar-*  
*borough* mentions them ; and of late Years,  
*Maupertuis*. The *Spaniards* assert that  
 they have long been acquainted with  
 their existence——So they you see can  
 keep a Secret too. But the Reasons given  
 why we know so little of the Matter, are,  
 that few Ships ever touch on that Coast,  
 standing more out to Sea, in order to  
 double the *Cape*, and that these Giants  
 are a roving Nation, and seldom come  
 down



down to the Coast; and then I suppose, only *to bob for Whales*.

You will be eager to know a great deal more than I can tell you; but thus much I think is allowed. That Captain *Byron* being on that Coast, saw a Body of Men at a distance on very small Horses; as they approached, he perceived that the Horses were common-sized Horses, but that the Riders were enormously tall, though I do not hear that their Legs trailed much on the Ground. This was fine Game for a Man sent on Discoveries. The Captain and part of his Crew immediately landed, on which Messieurs the Giants as quickly retreated. Whether this Timidity was owing to the Terror which the *English* Arms have struck into all Parts of the known, and I conclude, unknown World; whether they

they took Captain *Byron* for Mr. *Pitt*; whether they took our Men for *Spaniards*, whose name must be in Horror to all *Americans*; or whether they had any apprehensions of Fire-Arms, I cannot tell. Be what as it may, the more the Captain and his Men advanced, the faster the Giants kept trotting off. Seeing this, the Captain took a bold and sensible Resolution: he ordered his Men to lay down their Arms and remain Stock still, himself alone advancing. I doubt much whether *Homer* would have cared to venture his *Jupiter* alone against Five Hundred *Titans*.

Captain *Byron's Titans* had more of the *Savoir vivre*, and seeing him advance alone, stopped. He came up with them, and addressed them in all the Languages he knew, and that they did not. They



replied in the Giant-Tongue, which I am told a very reverend Critic, upon the Strength of one Syllable which the Captain remembered, affirms is plainly *Phœnician*. The Captain not being Master of that exceedingly useful and obsolete Language, had the Misfortune of not comprehending a Word they said. Had he been a deep Scholar, he would undoubtedly have had recourse to Hieroglyphics, which the Learned tell us was the first Way of conveying Instruction: But I must beg leave to observe that it was very lucky the Captain had not so much Erudition. I do not know whether he can draw or not, but most probably if he can, he had not his Implements with him. At most perhaps a Black-Lead Pencil, or a Pen and Ink, and the Cover of a Letter. He could not with such Tools have asked many Questions; and

as

as the Giants are probably not better Painters than the *Egyptians*, he would have understood their Answers as little as the Learned do the Figures on Obelisks. Thus he would have lost his Time, and got no Information ; or what is worse to every Man but a Critic, have made a thousand absurd Guesses. The Captain having a great Deal more Sense, and the Savages some, they naturally fell into that *Succedaneum* to Language, Signs. Yet I do not hear that either Side gained much Information.

The first Thing, or rather first Sign, he said to them in this Dilemma, was, *sit down*, which he explained by sitting down on the Ground himself. The poor good Giants understood him, dismounted, and sat down too. It is said, but far be it from me to affirm it, that when the Captain  
(who



(who I am told is upwards of Six Feet) rose again, the nearest Giant to him, tho' sitting, was taller than he.

An Hour or two was spent in fruitlessly endeavouring to understand one another: All I hear the Captain comprehended, was, that the Giants invited him very civilly to go with them into the Woods, where, I suppose, *Gigantopolis* stands, and their King resides, who, no doubt, is at least two Feet taller than the tallest of his Grenadiers. The Captain declined the Offer, at which these polite Savages expressed much Concern, but never once, as any still more polite People would have done, attempted to force him.

When he took his leave they remained motionless, and continued so, as he ob-

C

served

served by his Glass, till the Ship was out of their Sight.

Very few other Particulars are come to my Knowledge, except that they were clothed in Skins of Beasts, and had their Eyes painted of different Colours; that they had no Weapons, but Spears pointed with Fish-Bones, that they devour Fish raw, and that they showed great Repugnance to taste any Liquids offered to them by the Captain; and that though they were too polite absolutely to refuse his Toast, they spit the Liquor out of their Mouths again; whether from Apprehension of Intoxication or Poison, is not certain: However it looks as if they had some Notion of such *European* Arts. What is more remarkable; the Weather being very severe at that Season, the



whole Colossal Troop seemed as sensible of the Cold, and shivered like us little delicate Mortals of Six Feet high. They had a few Giantesses with them, but as the Captain did not survey them with the small End of his Spying-Glass, I do not hear that he was much struck with their Charms.

This, my dear Friend, is all the Satisfaction I can give you. However I am proud to be the first who has communicated this important Discovery to *Europe*.

The Speculations it has already occasioned, and will occasion, are infinite. The Wolf of the *Gevaudan*, that Terror of the *French* Monarchy, is already forgotten. Naturalists, Politicians, Divines, and Writers of Romance, have a new Field opened to them. The Scale of

Being ascends ; we mount from the Pigmies of *Lapland* to the Giants of *Patagonia*.

You will ask, but I cannot answer you, Whether the Scale of the Country is in proportion to such Inhabitants? Whether their Oaks are half as lofty again as the *British*; and such is your Zeal for *England*, you will already figure a Fleet built of their Timber. How large is the Grain of their Corn? of what Size their Sheep, Cows, and Poultry? Do not go and compute by *Gulliver's* Measures, and tell me that a populous Nation of such Dimensions would devour the Products of such a Country as Great *Tartary* in half a Year. Giants there are; but what proportionable Food they have, except Elephants and Leviathans, is more than I can tell.

They



They probably do not live upon Bantam-Chickens.

As you are still more of a Politician than a Naturalist, you will be impatient to know if Captain *Byron* took Possession of the Country for the Crown of *England*, and to have his Majesty's Stile run, GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of GOD, King of *Great-Britain, France, Ireland, and the Giants!* You will ask why some of their Women were not brought away to mend our Breed, which all good Patriots assert has been dwindling for some Hundreds of Years; and whether there is any Gold or Diamonds in the Country? Mr. *Whitfield* wants to know the same Thing, and it is said intends a Visit for the Conversion of these poor blinded Savages.

As

As soon as they are properly civilized, that is, enslaved, due care will undoubtedly be taken to specify in their Charter that these Giants shall be subject to the Parliament of *Great-Britain*, and shall not wear a Sheep's Skin that is not legally Stamped. A Riot of Giants would be very unpleasant to an Infant Colony. But Experience, I hope, will teach us, that the invaluable Liberties of *Englishmen* are not to be wantonly scattered all over the Globe. Let us enjoy them ourselves, but they are too sacred to be communicated. If Giants once get an Idea of Freedom, they will soon be our Masters instead of our Slaves. But what Pretensions can they have to Freedom? They are as distinct from the common Species as Blacks, and by being larger, may be more useful, I would advise our prudent Merchants



chants to employ them in the Sugar Trade; they are capable of more Labour; but even then they must be worse treated, if possible, than our Black Slaves are; they must be lamed and maimed, and have their Spirits well broken, or they may become dangerous. This too will give a little respite to *Africa*, where we have half exhausted the Human, I mean, the Black Breed, by that wise maxim of our Planters, that if a Slave lives Four Years, he has earned his Purchase-Money, consequently you may afford to work him to Death in that time.

The Mother Country is not only the First, but ought to be the sole Object of our political Considerations. If we once begin to extend the Idea of the Love of our Country, it will embrace the Universe, and consequently annihilate  
all

all Notion of our Country. The Romans, so much the Object of modern Admiration, were with difficulty persuaded to admit even the rest of *Italy* to be their Countrymen. The true Patriots never regarded any thing without the Walls of *Rome*, except their own *Villas*, as their Country. Every thing was done for immortal *Rome*, and it was immortal *Rome* that did every thing. Conquered Nations, which to them answered to discovered Nations with us, for they conquered as fast as they discovered, were always treated accordingly; and it is remarkable that two Men equally famous for their Eloquence have been the only Two that ever had the weakness to think that conquered Countries were intitled to all the Blessings of the Mother Country. *Cicero* treated *Sicily* and *Cilicia* as tenderly as the District



trict of *Arpinum*, and I doubt it was the  
 the folly of that Example that misled  
 his too exact Imitator on a late occasion.  
 However, the Giants must be impressed  
 with other Ideas: Bless us, if like that  
 Pigmy old *Oliver*, they should come to  
 think the Speaker's Mace a Bawble!

What have we to do with *America*, but  
 to conquer, enslave, and make it tend  
 to the Advantage of our Commerce?  
 shall the noblest Rivers in the World roll  
 for Savages? shall Mines teem with Gold  
 for the Natives of the Soil? and shall  
 the World produce any Thing but for  
*England, France, and Spain*? It is enough  
 that the Overflowings of Riches in those  
 three Countries are every Ten Years wast-  
 ed in *Germany*.

D

Still

Still, my political Friend, I am not for occupying *Patagonia*, as we did *Virginia*, *Carolina*, &c. such might be the Politics of Queen *Elizabeth's* Days. But modern Improvements are wiser. If the Giants in question are Masters of a rich and flourishing Empire, I think they ought to be put under their Majesties, a *West-Indian* Company; the Directors of which may retail out a small Portion of their Imperial Revenues to the Proprietors, under the Name of a Dividend. This is an excellent Scheme of Government totally unknown to the Ancients. I can but think how poor *Livy* or *Tacitus* would have been hampered in giving an Account of such an *imperium in imperio*. *Cassimirus Alius Caunus*, (for they Latinized every proper Name, instead of delivering it, as uncouthly pronounced by their

Soldiers



Soldiers and Sailors) would have founded well enough : But Dividends, Discounts, *India Bonds*, &c. were not made for the Majesty of History. But I am wandering from my Subject ; though, while I am talking of the Stocks and Funds, I could chalk out a very pretty New South-Sea Scheme, *a propos* to the *Patagonians*. It would not ruin above Half the Nation, and would make the Fortunes of such industrious Gentlemen, as during the Want of a War in *Germany* cannot turn Commissaries.

Command is the Object of every Man's Ambition ; but by the impolitic Assent of Ages and Nations to Hereditary Monarchy, you must be begotten on a Queen, or are for ever excluded from wearing a Diadem ; except in a very few Instances ; as in *Poland*, where the

Throne is elective; in *Corfica*, where they will not acknowledge Hereditary Right in the Republic of *Genoa*; in *Russia*, where a Soldier's Trull succeeded her Husband the *Czar*, and where there are other Ways of succeeding a Husband; in *Peru* where they are tired of exchanging their Gold for Tyrants; and in *Paraguay*, where the Outcasts of the Earth, and the Inventors of the Oath of Obedience, have thrown off all Submission to their Prince, and having mounted the Throne, will probably renounce the Oath of Chastity too. But it is to *England* that Persons of the lowest Birth are indebted for the Invention and Facility of weilding at least Part of a Scepter. Buy but an *India* Bond and you have a Property in the Kingdom of *Bengal*. Rise to be a Director, and the *Mogul* has not more Power  
of



appointing and displacing Nabobs. *Indian* Sovereigns may now be born in *Threadneedle-Street*.

What the Government means by pocketing a whole Nation of Giants, is not to be conceived. It ought again to draw down the Vengeance of their Antagonists on the present Ministers. I am sure they have done nothing worse. Who knows but at this Instant they may be preparing to pour in Forty or Fifty thousand Giants upon us? Their Love of Liberty, their Tendernefs of the Constitution, their Lenity, Mildnefs and Difinterestednefs, their Attention to the Merchants, in fhort, all their Virtues may be affected, and only calculated to lull us afleep, until the fatal Blow is ftruck. I own my Apprehenfions are gloomy; yet, thank G o d, we have a  
pretty

pretty tall Opposition, who will not suffer us to be enslaved by any Thing higher than themselves.

In the mean Time, till we know something of the Matter, it is to be hoped, that all speculative Authors, who are so kind as to govern and reform the World through the Channel of the News Papers, will turn their Thoughts to Plans for settling this new acquired Country. I call it new acquired, because whoever finds a Country, though Nobody has lost it, is from that Instant intitled to take a Possession of it for himself, or his Sovereign. *Europe* has no other Title to *America*, except Force and Murder, which are rather the executive Parts of Government than a Right. Though *Spain* pretends a Knowledge of our Giants, she has forfeited all Pretensions to their Allegiance,



giance, by concealing the Discovery ; as is plain from the Decifion of the *Canon Law*, *Tit. de novis regionibus non abscondendis.*

The first Thought that will occur to every good Christian, is, that this Race of Giants ought to be exterminated, and their Country colonized ; but I have already mentioned the great Utility that may be drawn from them in the Light of Slaves. I have also faid, that a moderate Importation might be tolerated for the Sake of mending our Breed ; but I would by no Means come into a Project I have heard dropped, and in which Propagation would not be concerned, I mean the Scheme of bringing over a Number of Giants for fecond Husbands to Dowagers. *Ireland* is already kept in a State of Humiliation. We check their  
Trade,

Trade, and do not allow them to avail themselves of the best situated Harbours in the World. Matrimony is their only Branch of Commerce unrestricted, and it would be a most crying Injustice to clog that too.

In truth, we are not sufficiently acquainted with these Goliahs to decide peremptorily on their Properties. No Account of them has been yet transmitted to the Royal Society: But it would be exceedingly adviseable, that a Jury of Matrons should be sent in the next embarkation to make a report; and old Women for old Women, I would trust to the Analysis of the Matrons in preference to that of the Philosophers.

I will now, my Friend, drop the political Part of this Discussion, and inform  
 2 you



you what effect this Phænomenon has had on another Set of Men. It has started an obvious and very perplexing Question, *viz.* whether these Giants are *Aborigines*; if they are not, from which of the Sons of *Noah* are they descended, and in that case how we shall account for this extraordinary increase of Stature?

The modern Philosophers are peremptory that these Giants are *Aborigines*, that is, that their Country has been inhabited by Giants from the Creation of the World. The Scriptures, say those Gentlemen, mention Giants, but never posterior to the Flood; whence we ought to believe that they perished in the General Deluge. Neither, add they, are we told that any Son of *Noah* was of Stature supereminent to his Brethren. Yet we will  
E                      suppose

suppose, say they, that some of their Descendants might have Shot up to an Extraordinary height, without Notice being taken of it in Sacred Writ. Nay, they allow that this increase of Stature might not have appeared till after the Date of Holy Writ. Yet is it credible, say they, that a race of Giants should have been formed, and remain unknown to all Ages, all Nations, all History? Did these Monsters pass unobserved from the most Eastern Part of the Continent (the supposed Communication by which *America* was peopled) to the Northern Parts of the other World, and migrate down that whole Continent to the most Southern Point of it, without leaving any Trace, even by Tradition, in the memory of Mankind? Or are we to believe, that Tribes of Giants sailed from

*Africa*



*Africa* to *America*? What Vessels waisted them? Was Navigation so perfected in the infant Ages of the World, that Fleets enormously larger than any now existing were constructed for the transportation of a Race of *Polyphemes*? Or to come to the Third Point, is it the Climate that has ripened them, as *Jamaica* swells Oranges to Shadocks, to this stupendous Volume? But North and South of them are Men of the ordinary size, nor has the same Latitudes produced anything similar. Natural Philosophers cannot account for it, therefore Divines certainly can; and when this People shall be better known, I do not doubt but the Mystery will be cleared up; for as these Giants have indubitably remained unmixed longer than any other People, we shall probably discover stronger Traces

of their *Jewish* Origin. Their Cult is in all likelihood less corrupted from that of the Sons of *Noah*, than is to be found elsewhere: their Language possibly the Genuine *Hebrew*, not *Phœnician*; and if I might hazard a Conjecture, these Giants are probably the Descendants of the Ten Tribes so long lost, and so Fruitlessly sought by the Learned; and having deviated less from the true Religion of their Forefathers, may have been restored to, or preserved in their primitive Stature and Vigour. I offer this Opinion with much Modesty, though I think it more reasonable than any *Hypothesis* I have yet heard on the Subject.

Whatever their Religion shall appear to be, it will be matter of great Curiosity



osity. We scarce know of any People, except the *Hottentots*, or the *Heroes*, who lived in the Days of *Fingal*, among whom no Traces of any Religious Notions or Worship have been discovered.

If they are not *Jews*, but Idolaters, the Statues of their Divinities, their sacrificing Instruments, or whatever are the Trinkets of their Devotion, will be great Rarities, and worthy of a place in any Museum.

Their Poetry will be another Object of Inquiry, and if their Minds are at all in proportion to their Bodies, must abound in the most lofty Images, in the true Sublime. Oh! If we could come at an Heroic Poem penned by a Giant! We should see other Images than our  
puny

puny Writers of Romance have conceived ; and a little different from the Cold Tale of a late notable Author, who did not know better what to do with his Giant than to make him grow till he shook his own Castle about his own Ears.

In short, my good Friend, here is ample Room for Speculation : but I hope we shall go calmly and systematically to Work : that we shall not exterminate these poor Monsters till we are fully acquainted with their History, Laws, Opinions, Police, &c. that we shall not convert them to Christianity, only to cut their Throats afterwards ; that Nobody will beg a Million of Acres of Giant-Land, till we have determined what to do with the present Occupiers :



[ 31 ]

and that we shall not throw away Fifteen  
or Twenty Thousand Men in conquer-  
ing their Country, as we did at the  
*Havannah*, only to restore it to the  
*Spaniards* :

*July 1, 1766.*

Your's,

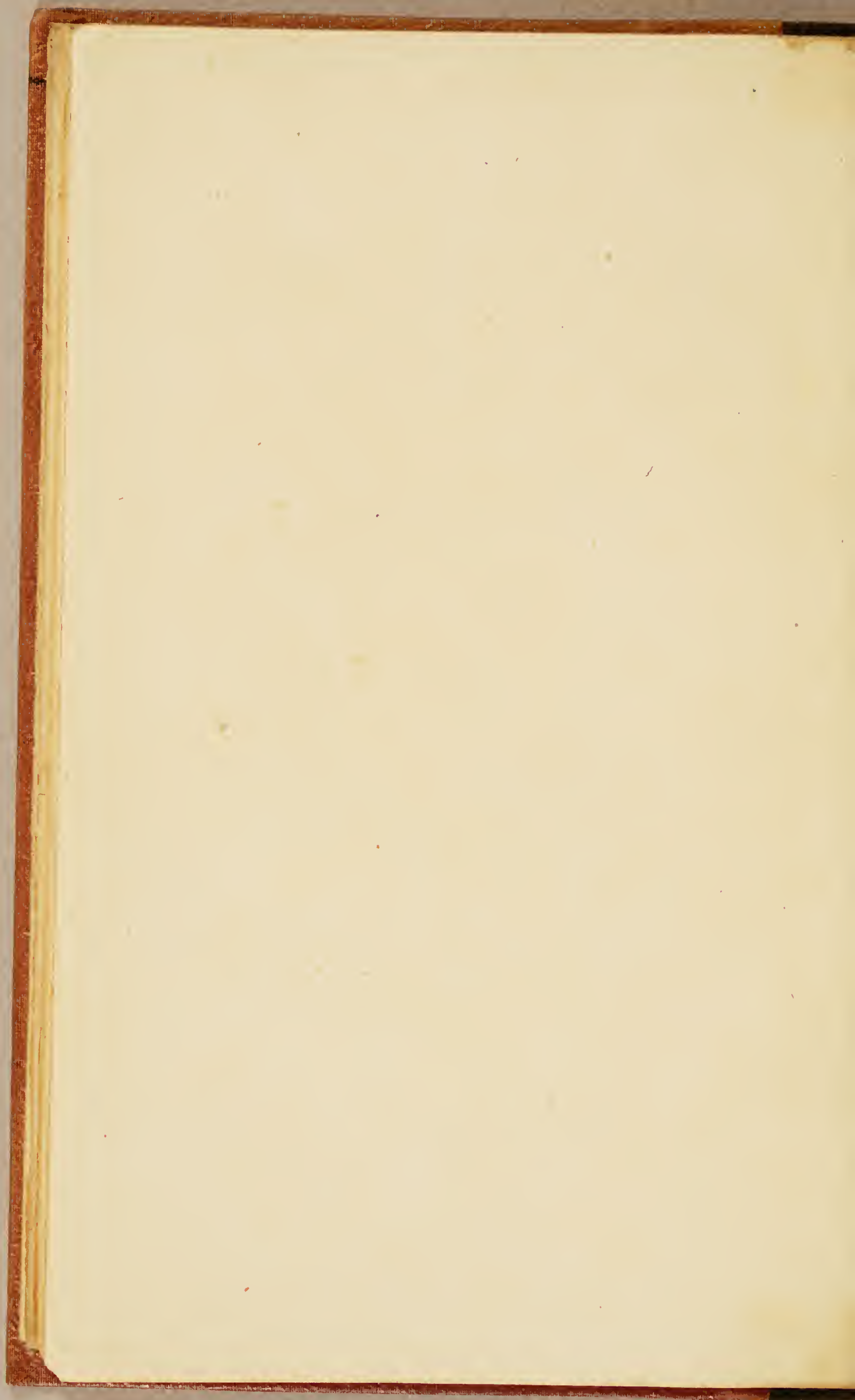
S. T.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which are arranged in a columnar fashion. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list includes names such as "John Smith", "Mary Jones", and "Robert Brown", along with their respective addresses.









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